

THE
DOCTOR'S DREAM

AND
OTHER POEMS
BY
MAY THORNTON BROWN

T.H.B.



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The Doctor's Dream



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AND OTHER POEMS

BY MAY THORNTON BROWN



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DEDICATION

TO T. H. H. AND M. R. D., THE TWO WHOSE
FRIENDSHIP HAS BRIGHTENED MY DARK-
EST HOURS, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS MOST
LOVINGLY DEDICATED BY ITS AUTHOR

M. T. B.

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The Doctor's Dream

*Or, The Maid, The Babe,
and The Cross*

WILD was the night, and the chilling rain
Dashed fiercely, noisily, 'gainst the pane,
While the leafless boughs by the tempest
swayed,

Strange sounds, like a tortured spirit made,
Now moaning and sighing in minor key
Like sorrowing souls in Eternity,
Or shrieking, and crashing, in horrid din
Like demons let loose in the realms of sin,
While rolling thunder and flashing light
New terror gave to this fearful night.
This night, when freed from the bonds of Hell,
A soul returned, its wrongs to tell,
To cast its grief on a human breast,
And for a sorrowing soul seek rest —
Rest from its never ending pain,
And pardon win from guilt and stain.
So the storm swept on in its mighty power,
While closer drew the fateful hour
When graves do yawn, and spirit forms appear,
And we behold them as we knew them here,
Ere yet before our tear dimmed eyes
Had risen the mysterious wall
Or death cold lips no answer made
To Love's impassioned call.

Midnight: The weary doctor worn with his day of
care,
Sickness and death forgotten, sleeps in his easy
chair;
Deep, deep his dreams, and undisturbed by the
tempest's fearful din,
When he hears at his side a woman's voice, in
grief imploring him
By all that on earth he cherished, by all that he
held most dear,
To arouse from his peaceful slumber, and her piti-
ful story to hear.
For her soul was spent with its suffering, and its
burden of sin and pain,
Yet not for herself, but her nameless babe, would
she wash away the stain;
Then, as the fire from Heaven illumined all the
place,
The doctor saw before him the well remembered
face
Of one he had loved and trusted, in happy days
agone,
Ere she passed from his life forever, leaving him
sad and lone.
And he knew she was treading the pathway to
the valley dark and grim,
But now she stands beside him, a vision fair and
dim.
Then, at his wordless bidding, in sorrowful tones
she said,
"You loved me in the joyous past ere truth and
honor fled;
By the dear old home on the hillside, as children
oft we played,

And, by its lowly threshold our loving vows we
made;
But the radiance of life allured me, as the moth is
allured by the flame,
And I bartered my precious birthright for a pot-
tage of sin and shame;
And I wandered afar from your tender love and
my parents' sheltering care,
'Where never is heard a holy word, or a mother's
saving prayer.'
And I know that you patiently sought me, where
the waters of sin flow fast,
That your love and loyalty held me long, that
hope died hard at last.
Yet not for myself do I sorrow: I have sown, and
my harvest I reap,
But, alas! for my child unshriven, in its nameless
grave so deep.
Day-time and night-time I hear it, in plaintive
tones and low,
Pleading the grace of Heaven, to grant release
from its woe.
No knowledge of evil hath touched it, but alas! by
its mother's sin,
Through the stainless portals of Heaven it may
not enter in;
But forever and ever must linger, in sorrow, and
pain, and gloom,
'Til its soul shall be purged as by fire, in its nar-
row earthbound tomb.
So here, by your side, I am pleading, as the mo-
ments swiftly roll:
In the name of that love once cherished, set free
its tortured soul!

Go kneel by its grave in the deep-wood, when
 hushed is the wild bird's call,
And over its bed neglected let your pitying tear-
 drops fall;—
Fall in a rain baptismal, while low to its ear you
 speak,
Of the symbol of man's redemption, of the strong
 One who died for the weak,
Of the One who counted as nothing His kingdom!
 His crown! His loss!
So sinning souls might pardon find, in the name of
 His blood-bought cross.
And then, while your tears are falling, over my
 precious dead,
Fashion the holy symbol o'er its wronged but sin-
 less head!
And softly, solemnly whisper the names of the
 Blessed Three
And the bonds of its tomb shall be broken! and its
 prisoned soul set free!
And soft as the zephyrs rising, shall take flight to
 its home above,
To rest in the arms of Jesus, secure in His infinite
 love.
For he carried the lambs on His bosom, and He
 said, "Let them come unto Me;"
With My life I have bought their redemption
 through all eternity.
Do this and forever and forever, while life and love
 hath place,
The grace of the blessed Saviour shall shine upon
 your face;
And when life's twilight shadows fall, and earthly
 joys grow dim,

Your dulling ear the voice shall hear that bids you
come to Him.”
Then slowly the vision faded, hushed was the sob-
bing breath,
And the weary doctor sat alone, with the sorrow-
ful dream of death.
But the spell of the vision lingered, and grew
strong with the coming day,
’Til it seemed like a call supernal, leading him on
his way;
Deep, deep, in the woods so lonely, where withered
grasses wave,
He found at the foot of a crumbling oak a lonely
little grave,
And he heard, as he knelt beside it, “on the hushed
but vibrant air,”
A sigh, a moan, a whispered tone, of the spirit bid-
ding there;
And the wind through the dead leaves sighing, in
mournful tones and low,
Seemed the voice of a lost soul, crying from the
depths of its bitter woe.
Then he fashioned the holy symbol, in the spirit of
God’s dear love;
And he knew at last a soul was free to wing its
way above;
And he knew, in all time to follow, on a sinful but
penitent breast,
The peace of God’s gracious pardon forevermore
would rest.

My Father's Song

Oft in my dreams I hear it ringing
Like the call of a trumpet clear and strong:
The voice of a Christian Warrior singing
His pæan of faith as he passed along
Lift up your eyes, despite the gloom,
Joy to the world,
The Lord has come.

It woke the birds at the early dawn,
It stirred the shadows of falling night,
It rang 'neath the burning heat of noon,
To the weary, wandering soul's delight.
Look up, rejoice, fear not the gloom,
Joy to the world,
The Lord has come.

So sweet, so strong, this wondrous song,
It rent the prison bars of sin,
Released the spirit fettered long,
Bade hope and courage enter in,
Arise, oh soul, shake off thy gloom,
Joy to the world,
The Lord has come.

It rang through sorrow and pain and loss
With a sweetness born of a lasting faith;
Singing, he bent 'neath His earthly cross,
And only ceased when the voice of death
Said "Enter, oh soul, to your Heavenly home."
Joy to the world,
The Lord has come.

So oft in my dreams I hear it falling
Like the song of a soldier true and brave;
And I pray in my heart I may hear it calling.
When I feel the rush of the chilling wave.
Be brave, oh soul, dread not the gloom,
Joy to the world,
The Lord has come.

The Blush Rose

A snowy rose in a garden grew,
Filling the air with her fragrance sweet,
But she longed for a lover fondly true
To worshiping kneel at her dainty feet.
Then a roving butterfly, glowing gold,
Bent to her chalice of sweets one morn,
And, 'wakened to bliss by his rapturous kiss,
Lo! the first blush rose was born.

Why Not?

Why long for joys that never may be ours?
Why greet the day with bitter sigh and tears?
Only by gleaning all the golden hours
May we escape the long and dreary years.

Why seek to rend the veil our future hiding
When with a kindly hand He leads the way?
Close to His loving heart in faith abiding,
Why not smile bravely, brightly, while we may?

Why not let others see new courage blending
With every hour that marks the day's decline?
Why not let others hear our song ascending?
And share the glory of a joy divine?

Why not forget your grief o'er hope that perished?
Why look for chilling winds and skies of gray?
He will not love us less because we cherished,
The golden gifts He gave us day by day.

God sends the darkness, but the stars are only
hiding;
Soon they will greet us radiant through the
night,
So with our hearts in sorrow dark abiding,
Behold! the morning cometh, all is bright.

One Bright Summer

One bright summer, soon 'twas ended,
Gone are sunshine, birds and flowers,
Yet, within my heart are blended
Fragrant thoughts of those dear hours.

When the blue sky bending o'er us
Smiled to bless our earnest love,
And the wild birds' happy chorus,
Lightly wafted from above,

Softly sang to blushing flowers,
Life is one long dream of bliss.
Fragrant bloom, 'neath dewy showers,
Fear not winter's chilling kiss.

Safe in snowy robes he'll fold you,
Hidden far from grief and pain,
And to newer life restore you,
When the summer comes again.

So, dear love, though clouds may lower,
Wintry winds our hopes may blight,
I believe that, like the flowers,
Hearts may wake to newer light.

Summer joys that seemeth over,
Newly risen, may greet our eyes,
And from winter's snowy cover
Springtime flowers of love arise.

Antoinette

From the land of sweet regret
Memories fond come softly stealing:
Dreams of one I'll ne'er forget
Who dispelled life's care and fret,
Joy and bliss revealing;
She, alas, a gay coquette!
Most bewitching Antoinette.

Dusky curls o'er brow of snow,
Jetty lashes star gleams hiding,
Lips where crimson roses blow,
And the fires of love are 'biding
Ere to torturing flames they glow;
And you sigh in deep regret
For bewitching Antoinette.

Tender, dimpled hands of white,
Voice of music fraught with meaning,
Fairy footsteps, dancing light,
Roguish face with mischief beaming,
As she views your lovelorn plight
With a smile you can't forget;
This bewitching Antoinette.

From the realms of long ago
One loved voice is ever calling,
And its cadence, sweet and low,
On my longing heart is falling,
Years have vanished; still I know
That I cherish, love her yet,
Sweet, bewitching Antoinette.

The Fates

Clotho am I! the distaff tending,
Filling it oft with a generous hand,
Strength and purpose and beauty blending,
To brighten and lengthen life's slender strand.

Lachesis I! by my labor you win
The magic thread for life's busy loom;
As with wheel swiftly turning, I spin, I spin,
From sunshine and shadow, joy and gloom.

Atropos I! who in silence stands
'Til glancing shuttle no more I see;
Then I tenderly sever the tangled strands,
And life's labor is ended, the soul set free.

My Lady of the Flowers

She stands amid the flowers bright,
Herself the fairest of them all;
A dainty figure robed in white,
'Round which the fragrant blossoms fall
In gleaming showers, rose, pink, and green,
Soft flecked with rays of rosy light
That hold her in their golden sheen;
A beauteous vision of delight!
My Lady of the Flowers.

Within the garden of my heart,
Where flowers of pure affection blow,
I hold this vision dear, apart,
Nor shall it ever from me go;
For in its beauty fair and bright,
Its love ennobling, tender, sweet,
Like a clear star it gems the night
That gathers 'round my lagging feet,
A memory dear of happy hours!
My Lady of the Flowers.

May gold of sun, and blue of skies,
And fragrant flowers, pure and sweet,
Weave magic seeming for her eyes,
And ways of beauty for her feet.
May every joy that time can bring
Attend her through life's coming hours,
And Love his sweetest carols sing,
To one who hears his song aright!
My Lady of the Flowers.

A Tribute to Bernhardt

Once more beneath thy magic spell
We list'ning sit with bated breath;
And once again our spirits feel
Thy potent charm, that laughs at death.

Once more the music of thy voice,
Awakes the heart to new desire,
And lagging spirits quick rejoice,
And brighter burns devotion's fire.

Once more we gaze into those eyes
That flash and burn in proud disdain,
Or softly beam as April skies;
Or violets drenched in summer rain.

Once more thy lips alluring, sweet,
Enchant us with their winning smiles,
And bring up suppliant at thy feet,
Oh beauteous Queen! of art and wiles!

What marvelous gift did charm-ed gods bestow,
On thee, in sacred place and mystic hour?
That all mankind where'er you go,
Should feel the magic of thy power.

Age cannot rob thee, nor can Time destroy
One charm that holds thee in each pulsing heart;
Sorrow and grief unheeding pass thee by,
Thou dauntless spirit of undying art.

Loyal thy subject, long thy glorious reign,
"Oh Queen Invincible who laughs at age!"
With Time a willing captive in thy train,
And deathless victory inscribed upon life's page.

Death

Man is of earth, a clod;
But to man a soul was given,
Flame lit by the breath of a loving God,
And attuned to the voice of heaven.

So is he ever at strife
With the evil that in him lies;
Earth holds, "God calls to a higher life,"
And the fettered soul replies.

God hears its bitter cries,
"And, from the depth of His mighty love,"
Through death He rends its earthly ties,
And the soul ascends above.

So must it ever be
With each soul that longs to soar;
From earthly dross death sets it free,
And its bitter fight is o'er.

My Little Bunch

To J. W. B.

Call a man poor when he owns that bunch?
Well, I guess not! why it's just a hunch,
To get up early and hustle 'til night,
To keep them comfy, and happy, and bright.

A care! why, of course! but a blessing too;
I can't imagine what I would do,
If I should awaken some future day
And find that my bunch had been stolen away.

For the house would seem like a prison gray
Without their mischief, and noise, and play;
The cheery whistle! the joyous shout!
The jumble of playthings scattered about.

Get into trouble? well, I should smile!
They'll bear close watching all the while;
Their minds are active, and fingers too,
Keeping them safe gives you plenty to do.

What will I do when they've grown a bit?
Guess I'll work harder, I've got the grit,
And I mean to give them each a place,
In the foremost rank of Life's great race.

Look at that boy with the dreamy eyes,
Some day he'll give us a big surprise;
Paint a picture, or write a book!
You can see it now in that absent look.

And that one over there, hard at work!
Why, he's a real genius! he'll never shirk
From any duty the years may bring;
He's always inventing, or planning something.

And my girl! my beauty, pride and pet!
Shall have the best that her Dad can get;
And she never shall know of the trouble and strain
He's had, to keep her from grief and pain.

Let one of them go? why, man, you're wild!
Wealth cannot purchase the love of a child!
It's born, and it grows with the coming years;
Why, bless me sir! you are shedding tears.

You've boundless wealth! but an empty life!
Lost yourself in the stress and strife
Of the mighty struggle for place and gold;
Now a loveless future, dreary and cold.

Well, money's good! but I'm free to say
I wouldn't swap places with you to-day;
Why there isn't money enough about!
To buy one smile! or a merry shout.

One childish confidence! loving kiss!
That warms your heart with a lasting bliss;
That deepens your joy! and lessens your sorrow!
And strengthens your arm for the coming morrow.

You can smile when I say that it's just a hunch!
To be the Dad of that little bunch!
My girl is a darling! my boys are bright;
To work for their future my one delight.

Come along, Kiddies! it's time to go;
Who is that gentleman? Son, I don't know;
Just a poor man, but it's sure a hunch
He'd give all his money to own my bunch.

Nil Desperandum

When the songs of love are ended,
And the singers take their flight,
And the fire of love has faded
To a fitful flickering light,
With a hand of resolution,
Brush aside the ash of pain
And behold the glowing embers
Of a purer, stronger flame.

Only a Derelict

Only a derelict, plaything of fate!
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
Seeking the harbor of safety too late,
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
Once, in the days of nevermore,
This bark set forth from a peaceful shore,
Sails of snow, and a gleaming prow,
Cleaving the waters, deep and wide;
Now she is tossed on the restless tide,
 Drifting! forever Drifting.

Only a derelict on life's sea!
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
Conquered in battle with destiny,
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
'Round and about him, strong and free,
Brave ships go sailing in majesty,
Fearlessly facing life's storms and stress,
Bound for a harbor of sure success;
'Round him the billows closer press,
 Drifting! forever Drifting.

Only a derelict! yet how dear!
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
Cherished by some one with prayer and tear,
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
Robbed of honor, and purged of pride,
Mourning the hopes once dear, that died,
Manhood bartered, all courage fled,

The past a memory, haunting and sad,
Facing the future dark and dread;
 Drifting! forever Drifting.

Only a derelict hopeless and lone!
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
On toward the shores of the great unknown,
 Drifting! forever Drifting;
There, in its waters deep and dark,
Is rest for this weary storm-tossed bark;
There, in its waters buried deep,
The past with its bitter pain shall sleep,
And the soul is released to lasting peace;
 Drifting! nevermore Drifting.

Mercy

Man was not born to sit and wait,
Dumb-lipped and downcast, at the door of fate;
The ones who oft attain to dazzling heights
Mark out their pathway by the lesser lights
Of those who had a kindred hope, but failed to win
Because of weakness, which you deem a sin;
The greatest king that ever graced a throne
Once trod the earth in sorrow, and alone,
Quaffed to its dregs the bitter cup of pain,
Then took His load, and struggled on again,
Thorn crowned and weary; steep the mountain side
Up which He climbed to Calvary heights and died,
And dying, gave to us this rule divine:
Forgive your brother's sins as I do thine.

The Victim of Love

To E. J. W.

There was once a man, and he played a part,
 "As men have done, and ever will do;"
And the prize he won was a maiden's heart,
 With its first love throbbing, pure and true.

And the servant of God, he spake the word,
 That sealed their vows and made them one;
But little reckoned the ears that heard,
 For her, perdition had just begun.

On her innocent bosom a rag they laid,
 He called it his honor, oh bitter shame!
And they fastened it there with a solemn word,
 And bade her guard it, this tarnished name.

Then he led her away with a happy smile
 (For she trusted him wholly, as woman will;)
And he was pondering, all the while,
 On the beast unsated, that craved its fill.

For love, to him, was a thing of the past,
 A story glib for each idle hour,
His vaunted honor a timeworn jest,
 His god was a passion of deadly power.

A passion with power to curse and kill,
 To burn and sear with a torturing flame,
To taint the reason, and fetter the will,
 And drown the soul in a sea of shame.

He scoffed at the name of a God unseen,
He cursed the laws of the weakling man,
He held all women as things unclean,
Since the early morning of time began.

And the pure, sweet heart of his girlish bride,
He counted as only his natural prey,
To serve his pleasure, then cast aside,
To bury its grief in life's fierce fray.

She must cherish his honor, a hopeless task,
And wash it clean with her bitter tears;
She must wear forever a smiling mask,
To hide from the world her pitiful fears.

She must bury her sorrow, and hush her sighing,
Must crush back the pain to her aching breast,
She must stifle the voice of her spirit crying,
Through joyless years, for its meed of rest.

She must lend her strength for his weak upholding,
She must guard his steps when they faltering
stray,
She must face Life's duties, swift unfolding,
With a marvelous patience, day by day.

And, at last, when a merciful, pitying God
Shall summon her hence to her home above,
Her soul unfettered, released from her load,
She will pass to her grave as the Victim of Love.

Philosophy

Wats de use ov boro'in trub'bul?
Laff! chile, Laff!
Let yoh spirits brak an bubbul,
Skeer de shadows from yoh pafh.

Wats de use ov sighs an weep'in,
Sing! chile, Sing!
Heah de birds yoh company keep'in,
Heah der happy music ring.

Doan yo weah no soro'ful face,
Smile! chile, Smile!
Dis ol' worl' a ples'nt place,
Sun shines mos' de while.

Kep yoh eyes of'n de groun',
Luk up! chile, Luk up!
Fom de blessin's dat aboun',
Fill yoh ea'thly cup.

Wen yo has a suah nuff woe,
Pray! chile, Pray!
To yoh Heav'nly Fathah go,
He'l suah take yoh pain away.

W'en yoh houah at las' am come,
Hol fas! chile, Hol fas!
He will beah yo to yoh home,
Wen de sto'ms ov life am pas'.

My Wandering Princess

Dimmed is the starry radiance
That bounds the Milky Way,
And dimmed, the glowing sunshine,
Of each long and loveless day.
Even the wild birds trilling
Falls on unheeding ear,
And my heart is longing, longing,
For my wandering princess dear.

Return, oh princess! return, I pray you!
A kingdom waiteth your royal will;
“Your throne, your sceptre, your crown is ready,”
And love keeps guard by its portals still.

Your courtiers kneel in the dust beside it,
Their lips a-tremble, with welcome sweet,
And longing ears are astrain forever,
To catch the fall of your coming feet.

Dusk or dawn, you may ever enter
This magic kingdom, that holds you dear,
For the door stands ajar to your dainty fingers,
And fires of love on the hearth burn clear.

Return, oh princess! return, I pray you!
My heart is that kingdom, sad and lone;
And joy, and hope, are the courtiers waiting,
To lead my love to her golden throne.

My Dream Girl

To Helen

Fair is she as a lily white,
 Like a lily, golden crowned,
And the tender hue of violets blue
 In her loving eyes is found.
While her sweet young lips
 Are a cupid's bow of crimson deep and rare,
And the gleam of a thousand sunbeams
 Lies prisoned in her hair.
Soft is her voice as the wood dove's note
 When spring is o'er the land,
And soft as a roseleaf falling
 Is the touch of her dainty hand.
She comes in the twilight tender,
 She comes in the rosy dawn,
She thrills my heart with her splendor,
 Then I 'waken and lo! she is gone.
But deep in my heart I cherish,
 By the spell her beauty has cast,
A love that shall never perish
 While life and its dreams shall last.

Bride of the Aviator

Come with me, love, up in the billowy blue,
Safely my ship shall ride, since she is bearing you;
See! far beneath your feet star gems are shining,
And for your loving eyes clouds wear a golden
 lining,
There will I bear my love, where only joys await
 her,
Queen of the earth and sky, Bride of the Aviator.

Life has its ups and downs,
 Sunshine and stormy weather;
Little we'll heed its frowns,
 Since we're together.
Up through the clouds so blue
 Bear I my sweetheart true,
Queen of the earth and sky,
 Bride of the Aviator.

Come with me, love, gayly my ship is swinging,
While on the summer air joy bells are sweetly
 ringing,
Now, like a bird set free, swiftly we're gliding,
Up through the sun-kissed clouds, up where the
 stars are hiding;
There will I bear my love, where endless joys await
 her,
Queen of the earth and sky, Bride of the Aviator.

Life has its ups and downs,
Sunshine and stormy weather;
Why should we heed its frowns
While we're together?
Up in the air so high,
You by my side I'll fly,
Queen of the earth and sky,
Bride of the Aviator.

Come with me then, oh love, why longer stay?
We'll take our joyous flight close by the Milky Way.
There, by the moon's pale beam, proudly I'll
crown you queen,
"Stars for your diadem," fairest one ever seen,—
There I'll enthrone my love, where joys await her,
Queen of the earth and sky, Bride of the Aviator.

Life has its ups and downs,
Sunshine and stormy weather;
Little we'll heed its frowns,
When we're together.
Naught can our bark betide,
So you are by my side,
Queen of the earth and sky,
Bride of the Aviator.

Come with me then, oh love, upon life's sea;
We'll sail the realms above, happy and free.
Life has its ups and downs, why heed its chiding?
Safe in my loving arms you will be hiding.
So will I bear my love where endless bliss awaits
her,
Queen of the earth and sky, Bride of the Aviator.

Life has its ups and downs,
Sunshine and stormy weather;
We need not fear its frowns,
When we're together.
Breakers may round us roar,
I'll bring you safe to shore,
Queen of the earth and sky,
Bride of the Aviator.

Ambition

The mighty oak, that in the forest grand,
Towers in majesty, above its weaker kind,
Soon looks with pity on the things of earth,
And scorns the tiny seed, that gave it birth.
So 'tis with man, by selfish impulse driven,
Too proud for earth, too vile for heaven,
He'd make his pathway over ruined souls,
To sate Ambition, and attain his goals.

A Rose of Gold
To My Sweetheart Harriet

A letter came to me one day,
And lo! within its snowy fold,
Love's messenger, from far away,
A dewy, fragrant rose of gold.

Oh, dear marauder, bright and fair,
On which I gaze the lonely while,
You have stolen the sunshine of her hair,
The radiance of her winning smile.

And deep within your glowing heart,
Whence roving bee enchanted sips,
You have hidden the perfume of her breath,
The sweetness of her loving lips.

• • • • •
Sweetheart, I pray that day by day,
For you life's roses may unfold,
And each one speak my love alway;
As deathless, bright, and pure as gold.

And, when your dainty hand you lay
In that of one whose heart you hold,
All thornless be your chosen way,
And every flower a rose of gold.

Unto Me

The day had waned, and still the Master waited,
Beside the gate in meditation bent.

Thence came a woman, weary, worn, belated,
Downcast and trembling, with emotion spent;
Her tear dimm'd eyes the blessed portal seeking,
Saw not the Master through the evening shade,
And, with a quickened heart she heard him speaking:

Draw nearer, woman! why art thou afraid?
A pilgrim thou, Oh why so late arriving

Where endless joys the weary soul await?
Master! she answered, I was humbly striving
Your gracious rule of love to emulate.

No laggard I! but scarce an hour's journey,

Toward the winning of my distant goal,
When I beheld one by the roadside lying,
Wounded and fainting, sore beset of soul.

Pausing I gave him food, brought cooling water,

"Renewed his spirits with a promise sweet,"
Lifted his heavy load from bruised shoulder;

Found healing ointment for his bleeding feet.
Then while his words of blessing hovered 'round
me,

Once more my onward way I gladly sought,
Thereon, to meet a woman lone, dejected,

Whose sorrowing face bespoke her bitter lot,
Empty her arms, with grief her heart o'erflowing,
Trembling the lips that scarce could speak her
woe,

How 'neath the shadow of a Cross, swift growing,

Her Son beloved to cruel death did go.
Master! I could not leave her by the wayside
grieving;

I held her close; I made her woe my own,
The while I sought to compass her relieving,
Her tears to dry, and hush her plaintive moan.
So passed the hours 'til shades of night, fast fall-
ing,

Hastened my footsteps o'er the rugged way.
When lo! I heard a childish voice soft calling
In pleading accents, as of one astray;
And in the darkness found him, trembling, crying,
Thorn-pierced his weary little feet, and chill,
And with his tear-wet face upon my bosom lying,
Bore him in safety up the steep, wild hill;
But when the deepest shadows gathered 'round us
And I had held him in a close embrace,
A Presence drew him from the arms that bound
him

And left me, lone and 'frighted, in the darksome
place.

Master! I may not enter yonder heavenly gateway
Until once more upon my breast he lies.
He is so small, so helpless! "I would seek him
straightway"

Such wondrous pleading in his childish eyes.
Then spake the Master, lovingly and tender,
The while his face with sudden glory shone
That lit the darkness with a radiant splendor,
In which he stood with outstretched hands
alone;

Woman, such faith as fills thy bosom
Hath won thee entrance to unending light!
Such tender mercy, love, and sweet compassion

Hath won for thee a crown of glory bright.
I was the stranger by the wayside lying,
Whose load ye lifted ere ye journeyed on;
I was the child ye sought, affrighted, crying,
The unseen Presence that hath left ye lone;
The woman on your heart sweet comfort given
Was she who wept beside the empty tomb
Of one, whose earthly bonds forever riven,
In heavenly mansions hath prepared a home.
Enter, O pilgrim, to thy well-earned guerdon!
Lo! Life eternal do I give to thee!
Whose hands in mercy bore another's burden;
And, doing this, have done it unto me.

Questions

A little child beside the parent knee,
Wide-eyed, agaze upon life's mysteries,
Lifts eager, happy face to star-decked sky,
And with sweet laughter questions,
Why? Oh, why.

A woman, weary of life's fret and care,
Cold lips atremble, with a dying prayer,
Turns in dumb sorrow from her fellow-men,
While anguished heart calls loudly,
When? Oh, when.

A warrior, old and worn with sin's affray,
Alone and friendless in the shadows gray,
Dim eyes astrain, on earth, in air,
For peaceful harbor, murmurs,
Where? Oh, where.

The Minstrel

I would not stand upon the sun-kissed mountain
And raise my voice in sweet, exultant strain,
If in the vale, by sorrow's tear-fed fountain,
I could awake some soul to joy again.

Naught care I for the princely smile or favor,
The jeweled baubles they so oft bestow,
So I can thrill anew the chords that quaver
'Neath the sad threnody of human woe.

I would not stand where battle calls are ringing
And the Grim Reaper holds his chilling sway,
But when from earth the soul its flight is winging,
Perchance my song shall waft its fears away.

So let me voice a song of hope to sorrow,
Lighten its gloom, and bid its pain depart;
A lowly minstrel, through each coming morrow;
My home, a place in every wounded heart.

Love's Rhapsody

To thy side, beloved, I came
From the land of heart's desire,
My longing soul, and my lips aflame
With love's unquenchable fire.
And I sought thee near and far,
While my soul in anguish cried
For thee! My flower! My queen! My star!
My wandering spirit bride.
And the glowworm showed the way
With her flickering elfin light;
And the wood dove crooned a slumbrous lay
Through the fragrant dusky night;
And the south wind kissed my cheek,
As it wandered soft and slow;
And dew-wet leaves in sweet caress
Swept lightly o'er my fevered brow.
So, gently 'biding and tenderly guiding,
They brightened my pathway long,
'Til my heart's fond love I fain would speak
To thee in rapturous song.
Like a pomegranate bud thy mouth,
All dewy, sweet and red;
And in the fragrance of thy breath
The rose's life hath fled;
And when beneath twin arcs of jet
Thy languorous lids arise,
The glowing stars their course forget
In envy and surprise.
Soft, soft, thy cheek of creamy white,
By Cupid's kisses dented deep;

Thy throat a vision of delight,
While perfumed tresses 'round it sweep,
That half conceal and half disclose
Thy gleaming shoulders, snow and rose,
And softly moulded, throbbing breast,
On which, close held in loving arms,
The god of love might gladly rest,
A willing captive to thy charms.
Fain would I be thy god of love,
And linger ever by thy side,
My queen! My flower! My star above!
My beauteous dream! My spirit bride!
So to thy side, beloved, I came
From the land of heart's desire,
To light in thy bosom the vestal flame
Of love's unquenchable fire!
So would I meet thy lips in love
While love and life abide!
My queen! My flower! My star above!
My heart's desire! My spirit bride.

Delusion

Have you seen the smoke wreath floating lightly
through the summer air?

Have you seen the dewdrop shining on the flowers
bright and fair?

Saw you not the frail wreath vanish, by the breezes
blown away?

And the dewdrop's starry glances fade beneath the
sun's bright ray?

So it is with man's devotion, born in love's de-
lusive hours,

Born to vanish like the smoke wreath, or the dew-
drop on the flowers.

The Sunflower

We may learn from books and science
Of the past and vanished ages,
Of the masters of those wondrous arts
That greet us never more;
We may spend long, eager hours
With their musty tomes and pages;
We may thrill with strange emotion
As we scan their contents o'er.
We may wrest long-hidden secrets
From the mountains, grim and hoary;
We may search for priceless treasure
On some distant wave-lapped shore;
We may read a precious promise
In the blue sky bending o'er us;
We may hear a note of warning
In the storm god's mighty roar.
We may find a joyous anthem
In the wild bird's wafted chorus;
We may marvel at the power
Of the brook that softly flows;
We may see His lovingkindness
In the beauty all around us;
We may learn a gracious lesson
From the humblest flower that grows.

He may never vie in beauty
With his earth-born fellow flowers,
Nor shed upon the air a fragrance sweet;
But he's telling us a story,
Rich in power and in glory,

As he seeks to upward lead our straying feet.
Green clad body, bowing, bending, like a penitent
at grace,
Every look to heaven he's sending, as he seeks his
Master's face.

In the shadow-circled valleys,
In the city's death dank alleys,
Find him where you may,
He stands in glowing grace;
Gently bending, bowing, turning,
With a proud and holy yearning,
As from dawn to dusk
He seeks his Master's face.

In the sunshine of the country,
With its dewy lanes and places,
Guarding fields of wind-blown riches
With a proud and stately grace;
Green clad body, bowing, bending,
Every look to heaven he's sending.
As for evermore
He seeks his Master's face.

Why should we with souls immortal
Walk with ever downcast eyes?
We, who hope to reach the portal
Of that home beyond the skies?
God's our Sun and God's our Glory!
Let us own His wondrous grace!
Make our lives a living story
As we seek His loving face.
Let us heed this humble teacher,
This most wise and faithful preacher,

Who is holding wide an open book
Beside our every door;
For the wisdom of all ages
Lies concealed within its pages,
When it bids us seek His presence,
Love and serve Him evermore.

Children

In the hush of the twilight hour,
When my heart is oppress'd with care,
Comes the music of childish laughter,
And their footsteps on the stair.

Earth has nothing half so pleasant,
Heaven no joy that seems so fair,
As the voice of happy children,
And their footsteps on the stair.

And when I shall reach the mansions
In that kingdom, grand and fair,
Still I'll listen for their footsteps,
As they climb the golden stair.

My Valentine

Whose treasured letter, worn with time?
You'd really like to know?
It's just a dear old valentine
Of fifty years ago.

A tinted page, a lace-like wreath,
Which rose hearts entwine,
And gleaming golden underneath,
Love! Be my Valentine.

Sweetheart, I never shall forget,
What happiness was mine
When girlish eyes the message met
Of this, your Valentine.

And then, what tumult stirred my heart
When your dear hand clasped mine,
And we were pledged, no more to part,
My lifelong Valentine.

Sweetheart, like it, we're growing old,
Our steps are faltering, slow,
But still our love is true as gold,
The love of long ago.

The once dark hair above your brow
Has silver grown, the while;
There's crows' feet at your temple now,
"I kiss them" when you smile.

Sweetheart, the years have swiftly flown,
And pain, and grief been mine;
But oh the love, the joy I've known
With you, my Valentine.

Sweetheart! You silly boy! What's this?
My arms around you twine,
And give one fond and loving kiss
To you, my dear old Valentine.

Love's Bondage

Hurrying clouds of azure and snow,
Foam-flecked waves of a restless sea,
Shifting sands that glimmer and glow,
Oh, that, like you, I could e'er be free,

Whisper and rustle of emerald leaf,
Seeking release from the parent tree,
Bending and swaying in bondage brief,
Oh, that, like you, I might soon be free.

Sighs and moans of a hungry heart,
Bound and fettered by love of thee,
Praying to hold in your life a part,
Longing to seek you, but never free.

Clouds, and billows, and sands of gold,
Emerald leaves on the parent tree,
Bear her this message, softly told,
Doubt is my jailor! Oh, set me free!

Right of Way

There's a judge in busy old New York
Who deserves a world of smiles;
For he's got your "so called" justice beat
By many, many miles;
And he's taken from the women's heart,
A weight of care and woe,
For he's given the Doctor right of way,
When the stork is flying low.

There aint no use of standing in the middle of the
road,
A shouting, and a cussing, and trying to stop the
load;
"Why it may be future piresdent! mayhap a suf-
fragee
Whose going to make this old world hum!
On that you sure can bet;"
Make a virtue of necessity, just smile and let
them go!
For the Doctor has the right of way!
When the stork is flying low.

And whenever you see a motor car,
That bears a cross of red,
Or the neat coupe, whose shining steed
Is forging straight ahead,
Put your timepiece in your pocket,
As you watch them madly go,
For the Doctor has the right of way!
When the stork is flying low.

It may never be my fortune to meet this noble
man,

But I'll speak a word of praise for him in every
way I can,

And I'd doff my hat, before him, "if I wore that
sort of hat,"

For he's made the women happy, I am very sure
of that;

Now for me; no future cruel fine, when coin is
coming slow,

For he's given the Doctor right of way,
When the stork is flying low.

To Marie

Dear maiden, with the lovelit eyes,
And lips like rose leaves, dewy sweet,
Before all else your love I prize,
And plead for favor at your feet;
One loving thought bestow on me,
My sweet Marie.

Dear maiden, with the winning voice,
That shames the music of the bird,
One smile bestow to seal my choice,
Speak softly, but one little word;
One ray of hope, oh grant to me,
My sweet Marie.

Dear maiden, with the dainty hand,
That shyly lingers in my own,
A captive I, at your command,
Your heart's desire! oh make it known;
Yet stay, some token give to me,
My sweet Marie.

Then, shall the future, be my field,
On which I strive to win your heart;
To love like mine, all else must yield,
True hearts like ours must never part;
But fonder grow as years shall flee,
Sweetheart Marie.

In Remembrance
of
Edward L. Russell

*The South shall mourn a son beloved,
In bitter grief and pain;
And e'en the skies , their tears let fall
In fragrant balmy rain.*

Why are you sad? he is not dead but sleeping,
Crushed hearts, be glad, he has no need of weeping,
Though earth received him, on her lowly breast,
By loving hands with fragrant blossoms dress'd.

Still from the past, you hear his voice replying
To your rejoicing, and your broken sighing;
From every page of life's now closed book,
Remembrance shows a kindly deed, a gracious
loving look.

Born of the sunny South, the red blood of the heart,
Coursed through his veins like sparkling sun kissed
wine;
Nature first fashioned him for noble part,
And then endowed him with a gift divine.

A gift that stronger grew as years rolled on,
And men in vibrant silence heard his silvery voice;
The gift of winning, and of holding hearts
In loving thrall, by gracious willing choice.

Steadfast in counsel, he was ever found,
Wit, like a gleaming lance, that swift struck home
Yet left no bitter sting, no smarting wound
To foster hatred, or give voice to moan.

Faithful, and tender to a chosen friend,
Gracious in mercy to a conquered foe;
The wronged and erring, eager to defend,
A willing ear, for sorrow whispered woe.

Look up dear hearts, and cease your sighing,
For love and fame like his, there is no dying,
Granted a rest by gracious will Divine,
His laurels won, why murmur or repine.

Then let him sleep 'neath sunny southern skies,
Earth's fairest flowers on his peaceful breast,
While o'er him nature's pæans grand arise,
And lull him to a sweet, and dreamless rest.

He may have left us, but while life shall last,
In every heart, a sacred shrine we'll keep
In fond remembrance of that glorious past,
O'er which to-day, you fain would sadly weep.

My Mobile Rose

To Ruth

A perfect brow 'neath dusky crown,
Dark slumbrous eyes where love light glows,
Soft dimpled cheeks of creamy white,
Red lips, that gleaming pearls disclose,
This dainty flower, so fair, so bright;
My Mobile Rose.

Sweet flower in girlhood's garden blest,
I read your fate in years to come,
To bloom upon a manly breast,
And shed love's fragrance o'er his home.
Each blissful day new charms disclose;
My Mobile Rose.

For eyes, and lips, and tender heart,
And voice of music, low and sweet,
Proclaim you rich in loving art
That holds us captive at your feet,
The while affection stronger grows;
My Mobile Rose.

Thrice blest and happy He who wins,
And wears for aye, this gift divine,
This flower of perfect womanhood,
In whom all precious virtues shine,
Whose love from purest impulse flows;
My Mobile Rose.

And when time's magic day by day,
Your life to deeper joys unfold,
May you to loving eyes display,
A heart unsullied, pure as gold,
On which his love may safe repose;
My Mobile Rose.

And when toward Life's setting sun,
You smiling turn at eventide,
Your homeward journey just begun,
May Love and Joy and Peace abide,
While endless blessings round you close;
My Mobile Rose.

Devotion

I care not what awaits my weary feet,
As lonely down life's thorny path they stray;
But this I know, should we in future meet,
Or be wide parted, on our journey's way,
Come to me sunshine from above,
Or dimmed each hope 'neath sorrows darkening
pall,
Deep in my heart the memory of your love,
Shall hold the first, the dearest place of all.

The Old Pearl Locket

A circle bright of gleaming pearls,
In carven rim of gold;
And on its battered yellow face,
Quaint letters dim and old,
Perhaps it shone in years ago,
Upon the snowy throbbing breast,
Of one whose form is hidden long,
In sweet and dreamless rest.

Now straying fingers touch a spring,
By gleaming pearls concealed,
And, Lo! to my astonished gaze,
A portrait lies revealed.
A manly face; a noble brow,
'Neath curls of raven hue;
And tender lips whose smiles belie,
The stern set eyes of blue.

And as I gaze they seem to speak,
They hold me in a trance,
As if they would long silence break,
In that compelling glance;
What's this! a paper folded close!
And yellowed deep with time!
And, in a dashing manly hand,
My mother's name and mine.

Now blessed be Thy grace divine!
And blest Thy Holy name!
That hath at last removed from mine,
The damning blot of shame,

For, in the locket's secret place,
Where grateful tear now shines,
Lay folded 'neath my father's face,
The missing marriage lines.

Her locket! lost, that fateful day,
When, at his stricken country's call,
He turned from weeping Bride away,
On blood washed battlefield, to fall;
Only a paper dim and old,
Time stained, and worn with age,
And yet, a message bright as gold,
Shines dumbly from its page.

With tear-wet eyes I see the years,
Like storm clouds roll away,
Of those I love, the past made clear,
For me, dawns glorious day;
Thank God for woman's faith and trust,
That held through long sad years,
For counsel wise, and chiding just,
That dried my sorrowing tears.

Thank God she loved him to the last,
Through bitter grief and pain,
And now, perchance in brighter realm,
They'll meet and love again,
Now ever on my heart I'll wear,
This token dear and old;
A circle bright of gleaming pearls,
In carven rim of gold.

Eph'rum's March

Out on the hillside behind the cabin,
Little black Eph'rum dreaming stands;
A brimless hat his head adorning,
A cornstalk sword in his grimy hands.

The pan of corn at his feet is lying,
The bucket is rolling down the hill,
While mammy's chickens are loudly crying,
For something, their hungry mouths to fill.

Just at this moment all else forgetting,
Eph'rum's a general, grand and strong,
With a mighty army his word awaiting,
To shoulder their muskets and march along.

The rustling corn in the fields about him
Are soldiers, the finest ever seen;
And now at his bidding they pass before him,
In gorgeous uniforms, gold and green.

The roll of drums, and the bugle calling,
Come to him clearly, inspiring, sweet,
And the measured tread of feet a-falling,
Stirs his proud heart to a quicker beat.

He hears the roar and the cannons rattle!
The cries of the enemy put to rout!
His men victorious have won the battle;
He pales! he listens! he turns about.

Framed in the doorway mammy is speaking,
War in her eyes and her voice so harsh!
Eph'rum! Yo vil'lun! jes heah dem chickens!
Yo pick up dat pan en pail! den march.

Down falls the sword from his trembling fingers,
The spell is broken, the vision fled,
But fondly ever the memory lingers,
A day dream crown for his dusky head.

Prisoners of Love

My castle grim is a heart of gold,
That many prisoners dear enfold;
There's Clarence, and Thornton, and Dorothy
 sweet,
With her roguish eyes and her tripping feet;
There's winsome Barbara, with curls of gold;
And dear little Billie, a pirate bold,
Who breaks your heart in a smile's eclipse,
And heals the wound with her loving lips.

There's Olive demure, whose wondering eyes,
Awake each day to a new surprise;
And Helen beloved, whose girlish feet,
Stand close where the brook and the river meet;
There's Florence, and Carolyne, and Harriet fair,
With her love-lit eyes and gleaming hair;
There's Harold, and Vernon, and Francis tall,
The bravest prisoners among them all.

They have each a place in my castle old,
And I've locked them in with a key of gold;
No tears, no sorrow, no pain alarms,
The dweller, in this house of charms;
This wondrous realm of perfect bliss,
The key to which is a loving kiss;
A loving kiss, from childish lips,
Sweet as honey the wild bee sips.

Both little and big, I love them all,
So I hold them close in affection's thrall;

And oft when the day god sinks to rest,
In dreams I cuddle them on my breast;
But my heart is heavy, my tears fall fast,
For I know my happiness may not last,
That, one by one, as the years roll on,
They will steal away, 'till I stand alone.

And my castle shall hold only memories sweet,
Of laughing voices, and dancing feet,
'Till Death, the reaper, with fingers cold,
Shall turn to ruin its casements old,
Shall crumble its gates, and cast the key,
In the rushing tide of Eternity,
And my spirit shall pass to the mansion above,
To the courts divine, of Eternal Love.

Donald

Donald! Oh Donald! come back again!
Lighten my heart of its bitter pain;
Let me kiss your lips, and clasp your hand,
Return! Oh return! from the shadowy land.

Donald! Oh Donald! I miss you so!
My heart is crushed with its weight of woe,
And my tears fall fast like a bitter rain,
Through days of torture, and nights of pain.

Donald! Oh Donald! my love! my love!
Bend down from the shining courts above!
List to my pleading, hear my prayer,
May I not come to you over there?

Donald! Oh Donald! my love! my own!
Is there no room by the gleaming throne,
For a soul made pure by the fires of pain,
That seeks its own, and seeks in vain?

Down the paths we once wandered happy and free,
The wild bird trills, from hedge, and tree,
The roses you loved, in their beauty unfold,
And the white lily, opens her chalice of gold.

The whispering leaves, the rippling rill,
The rose, the lily, the wild bird's trill,
All nature seems striving, to ease my pain,
But you! Oh my lost love! you come not again.

When Barbara Smiles

When Barbara smiles, her eyes with joy a-dancing,
Her golden curls aglimmer and astray,
You think of merry little sunbeams glancing,
O'er rippling waters of an azure bay.

When Barbara smiles, a dimple deep and tender,
Invades, the rosy roundness of each cheek,
And stand like sentinels in witching splendor,
To guard the words her loving lips may speak.

When Barbara smiles, like rose leaves red unfold-
ing,
Her dainty lips their hidden pearls reveal,
And o'er your loving heart, these charms behold-
ing,
From out the past, long cherished memories steal.

When Barbara smiles, you hear loved voices ring-
ing,
From that dear garden of the vanished past,
Where fragrant flowers bloom, and birds are sing-
ing,
Of love and joy too sweet, too pure, to last.

When Barbara smiles, you thrill with new ambi-
tion,
Gone are the clouds that long o'er cast your way,
Nearer each hope to glorious fruition,
Brighter the promise of each coming day.

Old Year, Farewell!

Old Year, farewell! But I shall not forget thee,
While to the New the whole world homage pay,
A woman's heart in sorrow will regret thee,
A woman's prayer thy trembling steps would stay.

Old Year, farewell! But I shall still remember,
Thy generous kindness in the days gone by,
The fires new born from desolation's embers,
The hope new kindled in the tearful eye.

Old Year, farewell! Since ne'er again returning,
Thy feeble steps shall linger at my door!
But on the altar of my heart still burning,
Sweet memory lights shall greet thee as of yore.

Across thy bier the winter snows are falling,
And chilling wind thy soul's sad requiem sings,
While from my heart a voice is sadly calling,
And hope no solace to my sorrow brings.

Old Year, farewell! Since thou art one of many,
Who greet our footsteps through this vale of tears,
We bid thee Godspeed on thy lonely journey,
Thou last, thou best, thou well beloved of years.

L'ENVOI.

When aged fingers, worn with toil, bid earthly
tasks farewell,
And by remembrance flickering fires, their pre-
cious beads would tell,
And when with age the dimming eye Life's page no
more can see,
We'll count each year a jeweled bead upon Life's
rosary.

Life's Song

Lips that are longing for life's bright wine,
 Drink long! Drink deep!
In every goblet rare jewels shine,
 Born of the tears ye weep.

Lips that are hungry for honeyed draught,
 And wormwood found instead;
In every cup your lips have quaffed,
 Joy sleeps, it is not dead.

Eyes that are gazing at some bright star,
 Perchance of vanished love
That haunting gleameth from afar,
 Still hold your gaze above.

Hearts that are heavy with hidden pain,
 Of hope and love unspoken,
Faint not; the springtime comes again,
 When sorrow's reign is broken.

Beyond the clouds that veil our skies,
 And dim our earthly vision,
The songs triumphant that arise,
 Proclaim, the sun of Joy has risen.

Only Boys

Dedicated to Grand Rapids Division B. S. A.

We are earnest, brave and true, and we mean to
 prove to you,
That we're loyal both in purpose and in deed,
In the cause of truth and right, we will wage a
 bloodless fight,
'Til of sin each fettered prisoner has been freed.

On, On, On, We boys are marching,
See our banners waving high;
We are only boys but then, in the future we'll be
 men,
And we'll stand for right and justice 'til we die.

In the fiercest fight we'll stand brave of heart and
 strong of hand,
Fires of hope and courage beaming in each eye,
At the call of duty sweet, we will go with willing
 feet,
And retreat shall never be our craven cry.

On, On, On, We boys are marching,
See our banners waving high;
We are only boys but then, in the future, we'll
 be men,
And we'll guard our country's honor bye and
 bye.

If the good old ship of state e'er should meet with
adverse fate,
We'll be ready on the spot to give her aid,
For we hold her welfare dear, of defeat we have no
fear,
And we'll face her foes with courage undismayed.

On, On, On, We boys are marching,
See our banners waving high,
We are only boys but then, in the future, we'll
be men,
And we'll fight our country's battles bye and
bye.

O'er the land so dearly bought when our fathers
freedom sought,
You shall see our flag of peace in glory fly,
For we're soldiers of the cross and we'll never suf-
fer loss,
While our great Commander guides us from on
high.

On, On, On, We boys are marching,
See our banners waving high,
We are only boys but then, in the future, we'll be
men,
And we'll fight for God and Country 'till we die.

Vacation Joys

To H. and M.

Oh, little maid, beneath the rugged pine,
Around whose feet the blue waves softly flow,
What tender thought does loving heart enshrine?
(She smiled and said Chicago! Oh Chicago!)

Oh, little maid, whose face I may not see,
Whose eyes are fixed where snowy billows break,
What deep emotion thrills your fancy free?
(She sadly answered how I long for steak).

Oh, little maid, whose dainty dimpled hands,
In sudden haste are fiercely locking,
What hidden pain such force demands?
(She frowned, then said flea in my stocking).

Oh, little maid, if wish could granted be,
What, greatest pleasure, to your heart would
bring?
She smiled, A cup of Gramsie's tea,
(And, never hear a gay mosquito sing).

Oh, little maid, I'm quite afraid,
You'd like to seek the homeward track;
She started up, amazed! dismayed!
(Mabel! Oh Mabel! Bug's gone down my back).

Oh, little maid, above whose golden head,
Full throated birds exult in joyous strain,
What glowing dreams await your lowly bed?
(She murmured softly, to be home again).

Magic of Money

Just a little rustling slip
Of paper, white and green;
But, if you do not possess it,
'Tis the fairest prize e'er seen,
How we treasure it seems funny;
Long for it! Sigh for it!
Laugh for it! Cry for it!
Steal for it! Lie for it!
All good deny for it!
Ah, even die for it!
Magic of money.

Just a sphere of yellow gold,
Gleaming in our eager sight,
Price of honor, bought and sold,
For an hour's brief delight;
Jealous tears sprinkle it!
Greedy hands jingle it!
Drown'd in its music a lost soul's cry!
Conscience revile for it!
Honor defile for it!
Reason beguile for it! Ask not why!
Magic of money.

Just a glint of silver pure,
Rifled from earth's rugged breast;
But it holds a wondrous lure,
Leading men to toilsome quest;
Yet how they delve for it!
Immure themselves for it

Far from the glorious light of day;
Thousand have perished!
So dearly 'twas cherished!
Vision elusive leading astray!
Magic of money.

Master of evil! Servant of good!
Genii of power! Your sway we own!
Censor of morals and maker of laws,
Bow alike at your gilded throne,
Pleading your favor in cherished plan,
Giving no heed to their fellow man,
As they greedily toil for you!
Struggle and toil for you!
Clean records soil for you!
Manhood despoil for you!
Magic of money.

Golden Rod

Plumes of gold on an emerald wand,
Oh! but our queen is fair today;
Showering her wealth o'er a waiting land,
Flouting the glory of summer gay,
With gold, fresh coined from the dewy sod;
Pride of the Autumn!
Queen! Golden Rod!

See how her hand-maidens gather around,
Daisies, asters, and cornflowers blue,
Weaving a carpet o'er earth sun browned,
To bend 'neath the touch of her emerald shoe;
While fading beauties bedeck the sod;
She reigns in splendor!
Queen! Golden Rod!

Spring may come with her violets sweet,
Buttercups, snowdrops, starflowers white,
Summer with roses, surround our feet,
"Fragrant and blushing, the bride's delight,"
Stately lilies may sway and nod;
We hail as sovereign!
Queen! Golden Rod!

Winter may come with his gleaming crown,
Diamonds aglow, on his snowy breast,
Flowers will die 'neath his chilling frown,
Earth grow cold at his stern request;
One shall smile at his threat'ning nod,
While hearts enshrine her!
Queen! Golden Rod!

The Man Who Smiles

Give us the man who smiles!
With a charm that is his alone,
Who holds you close in a magic thrall,
When his hand clasp meets your own;
The man you love to call your friend,
And fight his battles to the end.

Give us the man who smiles!
While venomous darts fall fast,
Who holds the helm of the good, old ship,
And will bring her home, safe at last;
Who faces her enemies unafraid,
With a courage resolute, undismayed.

Give us the man who smiles!
Who has proven his power, and worth,
Who stands for prosperity, justice, right,
For the highest, or lowliest born, of earth;
Whose heart and hand respond to need,
Whose ears are closed to the voice of greed.

Give us the man who smiles!
Why should we cringe, and fawn
'Neath the hand that wields a goad?
We who are free men! bred and born
To a union sealed with patriot's blood!
For a nation's glory! a people's good.

Give us the man who smiles!
But who holds our welfare dear,
Who pays scant heed to the ranter's lie,
And his vicious gibe, and sneer,
Who manfully holds to the vows he made,
Through friendship broken, and faith betrayed.

Give us the man who smiles!
The man of principles strong, and grand!
Who reckons himself as less than naught,
To the honor of his native land;
The man with a record free from graft!
The man we love, and honor! Taft.

I Think of Thee

I think of thee, when morning star
Grows pale, beneath the day god's beam,
And, on the eastern skies afar,
His crimson pennants brightly stream.

I think of thee, when vesper bell
Rings sweetly on the evening air,
And earth lies silent in the spell,
Of softly murmured, holy prayer.

I think of thee, when in the west,
Like silver boat on azure sea,
The moon uplifts her gleaming crest;
'Tis then, oh love, I think of thee.

I think of thee, though parted wide
Our pathways ever more shall be
And love, and happiness, denied;
I think of thee; I think of thee.

I Know

I shed no tears in my sorrow, dear,
As I think of the days gone by,
For I know a glad tomorrow, dear,
Awaiteth you and I.

And I know the coming of death, dear,
To us, is the morn of bliss,
So I sigh for his cold embrace, dear,
And long for his icy kiss.

For I know in the lowly grave, dear,
We shall find eternal rest,
And never a sorrow, pain, or care,
Disturb each pulseless breast.

So I shed no tears of sorrow, dear,
O'er the precious days gone by,
For us life's summer's ended, dear,
Life's twilight hours draw nigh.

Then hand in hand we'll wait, dear,
And breast the chilling tide,
For eternal life and love is ours,
When we cross to the other side.

Good Friends

The days had been so bright and fair,
By which we marked our friendship length,
So free from shadows and from care,
We had not proved its truth or strength,
Suppose, but let the doubt go by,
Good friends today, are you and I.

Could we have seen the storm clouds closing o'er
us,
When we had hoped for sunny summer sky,
Could we have seen the road that lay before us,
Would we have turned aside with dimming eye?
Ah me! no, let the thought go by,
Good friends today, are you and I.

Could we have reached the heights desired,
Toward which we gazed with longing eager eye,
Could we have waked to life the chords inspired,
Naught could avail the barriers strong and high;
And yet, we meet and never sigh,
Good friends today, are you and I.

A clasp of hands, a passing word,
A laugh together by the way,
If one remembers or forgets,
Who cares beyond the present day?
And yet, no, let the thought go by,
Good friends today, are you and I.

Forgotten

Are we parted and forever!
Can you then, so soon forget?
In your heart lives no fond memories?
No dark shadows of regret.

Through the night watch lonely keeping,
Through the busy restless day,
Does no passing thought remind you,
Of the lost one far away.

When the cares of day are over,
And the world is hushed in rest,
Do you never long to hold her?
Loving, trembling to your breast.

Feel her lips your own close pressing,
As in happy days gone by,
Hear her voice in sweet caressing;
Watch the lovelight in her eyes.

Darling 'mid the brown curls blended,
Many a thread of silver shines,
On the face, once softly rounded,
Care has graven deep its lines.

Slow the step with pain, and weary,
Weak the hand's once thrilling hold,
Yet through sorrow's twilight dreary,
Memory lights gleam bright as gold.

Dreams of a love that knew no ending,
No bitter doubting, no sorrowful tears;
Of our lives in perfect harmony blending,
Together facing the coming years.

Stopping at last at the mystic river,
And together breasting its chilling tide,
Knowing that nothing our hearts could sever,
When once we crossed to the other side.

And so, if sorrow's heavy crown of sorrow,
With many a gleaming memory gem is set,
Proudly I'll wear it through each loveless morrow,
Rejoicing, that my heart cannot forget.

"My Friend"

To T. H. H.

Could I before some wondrous Genii stand
And granted in one wish, each fond hope blend,
My one desire would be to clasp your hand
And to the whole world proudly say "My Friend."

Easter Song

What sang the stars on that fateful morn
In the Ages long ago?
To those who watched a silent tomb,
In bitter grief and woe;
Arise! Rejoice! Cast off thy gloom!
He conquers death! He rends the tomb!
He died for you! He lives again!
He reigns, the King of earth and heaven!
Rejoice! Rejoice! In glad acclaim
For Christ the Lord is risen!

What sings my soul on this glorious morn,
As I lift glad eyes to heaven?
With heart and voice in sweet accord:
Proclaim! Proclaim! The Lord is risen!
He died for me! He lives again!
The bonds of mortal sin are riven!
In every heart enshrined supreme,
He reigns, the King of earth and heaven!
Rejoice! My soul, in glad refrain!
For Christ our Lord is risen!

Poor Old Cicero

He had borne his burden for long, long years,
He had known his share of life's joys and tears,
His step was slow, and his back was bow'd,
And it carried the mark of the Slaver's goad,

Poor Old Cicero.

His head was as white as the 'nolia bloom,
That filled his cabin with sweet perfume;
But his wrinkled face wore a sunny smile,
And his eyes were honest and free from guile,

Poor Old Cicero.

His hands were knotted and seamed with toil,
For he won life's needs from the yielding soil;
And he held each seed, as it grew apace,
As a living token of God's dear grace,

Poor Old Cicero.

And the flowers that oped 'neath his loving eyes
Filled his grateful heart with a sweet surprise,
While the birds that sang in the boughs above
Gave promise strong of his Father's love,

Poor Old Cicero.

His home was a cabin with a rough clay floor,
But peace kept guard by the humble door,
And every night when he sank to rest
A deep content filled his faithful breast,

Poor Old Cicero.

The wee ones gathered around his knees,
Charmed by his lore of birds and trees,

While the older ones listened in wonder and awe,
To his faltering talk of the cruel war,
 Poor Old Cicero.

Of homes made desolate, hopes laid low,
Of Massa, and Missus, crushed with woe,
Of the dreadful struggle, the bitter fight,
And a nation plunged in darkest night,
 Poor Old Cicero.
Of the roar of cannon, the rattle of gun,
The bloodstained field 'neath the setting sun;
Of the burning cabin, the blighted trees,
And the cry of grief on the summer breeze,
 Poor Old Cicero.

But his heart was true to the days gone by,
And tears fell oft from his dim old eye,
As memory led him through bygone ways
To those sad and never forgotten days,
 Poor Old Cicero.
And then, one day, in the misty dawn,
His faithful soul to its home had gone,
And the Angel guarding the Book of Light
Smiled, as he wrote on its page so white,
 Poor Old Cicero.

Roseanna Darlin'

Wen de sun am sloly sinkin,
In de rosy wes'rn sky,
An de birds cummence a thinkin,
Dat it's time to hom'wd fly,
Wen de sta's begin to glimmah,
Thru de clouds ov gray an blue,
Oh it's den Roseanna darlin,
Dat mah hea't calls mos foh yo.

Dar's a lil'le cabin liftin,
Whar de sunshine am a siftin,
Thru de boughs ov de sheltren trees,
An de yaller jasmin flou'ah,
Sheds its purfum ev'ry hou'ah,
An de gold'n bee am hummin on de breeze.

Dar's a lil'le gahdn growin,
Whar de sweet'es flou'ahs blowin,
Shall make a pafh ov buty foh yoh feet,
An de nolia buds unfoldin,
In dere gold'n hea'ts am holdin,
Nach'rs insence foh yoh bridal mornin, sweet!

Oh it's thar in dreams I hovah,
Wen mah day ov toil am ovah,
An de hou'hs cum foh freedom an foh res!
An in dreams I see yo smilin,
Mah longin hea't beguilin,
An a heap ov luv am stirrin in mah bress'.

Wen de holy wo'ds am spoken,
An yoh finger weahs de token,
Thet shel mak yo mine foh evah, evah moah,
Wen de music sweet am ringin,
An mah happy hea't am singin,
Den I'l lead yo to dat lil'le cabin doah. '

An dat lil'le cabin lowly,
Wen yo enter it, shall sholy,
Smile reflec'shun ov yoh buty an yoh grace,
An de joys ov life seem dea'hr,
An de joys ov Hev'en seem nea'hr,
Wen de candle lit's a shinin on yoh face.

Shipwrecked

Long years ago, on a sunny day,
I launched my bark on life's smiling sea,
And over the waters, she sailed away
Bearing my childhood, happy and free.

And I watched the bark 'til each snowy sail
Grew dim in mists of blue and gray,
As over the water's silver trail,
Fancy freighted, she sailed away.

But the skies grew dark, and the storms of life,
Soon rent and stained each snowy sail,
And naught remains save a battered hull,
To show how fiercely beat the gale.

And the cherished freight she bore away,
Lies buried deep in the gleaming sea,
While the ruined ship by the waters sway,
Drifts on toward the shore of eternity.

Mammy's Lullaby

Wat foh yo sit'in' thar, so quiet lak en weary,
Wat foh yo pritty face all ov'ah gloom?
Put yoh haid on Mammy's bres', mah own preshus
 dearie,
Mammy gwine tu sing tu yo 'bout de silbry moon.

Lis'in, mah lady, de ni'tin'gale am sing'in'
En de' nolia buds am burstin' wif purfume,
Ov'ah de tree tops I he'ah dem wings a'rus'lin'
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Mammy kno's her bress'ed lam' am look'in' en a
 lis'nin',
Luvin hea't ol red'y foh de ges't a comin' soon,
Doan't yo kno, mah lil'le one, yoh wait'in' almos'
 ov'ah,
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Down in de pine woods de ni'tin'gale am sing'in',
En de' nolia buds am burstin' wif purfume,
Ov'ah de tree tops I he'ah dem wings a'rus'lin',
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Soon yo see young massa's face so happy lak en
 smil'in',
Soon yo he'ah de baby voice lak music in de room,
So put yoh haid on Mammy's bres', mah po'ah
 tiah'd darlin',
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Lis'in, mah lady, de ni'tin'gale am sing'in',
En de 'nolia buds am burstin' wif purfume,
Clos'ah en clos'ah I he'ah dem wings a'rus'lin'
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Soon yo feel dem baby lips yoh own soft bosom
 pressin',
Soon yo see de baby face re'flectin' ob yoh own,
Den yo kno de mud'ah luv en all its joys expres'in',
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Lis'in, mah lady, mah bress'ed tiah'd baby,
De ni'tin'gale am sing'in' in de soft southern
 gloom,
Clos' by de doah stone, I he'ah dem wings a'rus-
 'lin',
Foh de sto'ak flies low in de change ob de moon.

Summer Idyl

Rippling Stream,
Boughs of Green,
Fragrant Breeze,
Birds in Trees.

Drifting Boat,
On waves afloat,
Sunshine above,
Sweet dreams of Love.

Rustling wings,
Then Cupid sings,
Sweet Surprise,
Downcast Eyes.

Beauteous Maid,
In white arrayed,
Dimpled hand,
Wedding Band.

Smiles and tears,
Hopes and Fears,
Broken Heart,
Then they part.

Dorothy's Song

What is that music softly ringing!
Can it be robin, linnet or thrush?
No! that is our little Dorothy singing
Dollie! dear dollie, hush oh hush.

Cuddle right down my sweetest baby,
I'll dry the tears in those eyes so bright,
Santa is coming tonight! and maybe
He'll bring a gift for your heart's delight.

Don't you know dollie, he's fairy grandpa!
From winterland kingdom of joy and bliss!
Good little girls can have all they ask for,
Just for a smile and a loving kiss.

When by the chimney our stockings are hanging,
And each little heart is atremble with joy,
Hark! on the winter air sleigh bells are ringing,
As he draws nearer with trinkets and toy.

Oh! but your eyes will be shining tomorrow!
When you behold all the beautiful things!
So smile again dollie, forget your sorrow,
And listen dear dollie, while Mama sings.

Rex did not mean to upset you my dollie,
He was just frisking in joy and cheer,
Even dogs like to be happy and jolly,
See! he is sorry, and begs to come near.

I jes' believe he is saying, and saying,
When he is wagging his tail on the floor,
"Mama and dollie, I only was playing,
I will be careful, wont do it no more."

Then shut up your blue eyes dollie baby,
Soon you'll be tucked in your cradle white,
Santa is coming tonight! and maybe
He'll bring a gift for your heart's delight.

So sweetly, tender, the music is ringing,
Full throated notes, like the warble of thrush.
As the wee mother, her lullaby singing,
Cuddles her dollie, with hush, oh, hush.

Sunday in the Cabin

Wake up chile! it's Sunday maw'nin!
Suns a shinin' clar an bright,
Birds a singin', flou'hs smilin'
Skies ol fleks ov blue an white.

Eph'rum! yo kin sta't de fiah,
An put de kittel on de hook,
We'l jus have a bite ov sumppin',
Foh we read de bress'd book.

Liza take de tu'key wing,
An brush de ashes offen dat ha'th;
Yuse de no a countiss thing,
All yo duz is sing an laff.

Phronie! hurry an feed dem chickens,
Deys bin clak'in' de long'es while,
Mandy, mak de teapot reddy,
Kittel's mos a gwine tu bile.

Now cum up aroun de tabul,
'Til I sez a wo'd uv grace,
Clar to goodness! Zeikel Jonsing!
Yo haint nevah washed yoh face!

Not a bite uv dis nice breffus,
Duz yo git upon yoh plate,
'Til yo'se spandy clean an scrumshus!
Yo bettah hurry, Yoh'l be too late.

Thar! yo su'ah luk big and finah!
Wif clean hands an shinin' face;
Lawd do'an want no mussy sinnah;
Cum to Him a sayin' grace.

Bress'd Lawd an shep'erd lead us,
Whar de rib'ahs flo'in ca'm!
On de hevenly mana feed us!
Kep us saf fom sin en ha'm.

Foh de luv dat watches o'er us,
Lawd we thanks thee 'gain en 'gain;
An we trus yoh promise allus,
Bress'd luv in Lawd! Amen.

* * * * *

Now deah chil'lun sta't de singin';
Let it bur's foth glad en free;
Deah ole tun so gran'ly ring'in,
Rock ov ages clef foh me.

Wen de sto'ms ov life am beatin,
An de lit no moh I see,
Den mah poah hea't keps repetin,
Let me hide mah sef in Thee.

Wen de way am long en broken,
An Ise fainten wif mah lo'd,
Den I prays de bress'd token,
Fom Thy riven side dat flo'd.

Ise a sinah poah en lowly,
But deah Lawd! Ise poh'ful suah,
Dat Yoh blood so strong en holy,
Kin fom evil mak me pure.

So Ise wat'in foh de maw'nin',
Dat shel set mah poah soul free,
Prais His name, oh bress'd daw'nin',
Rock ov ages! clef foh me.

The Prayer

God! of the great unknown,
God! of an endless power,
Bend listening ear to piteous moan,
In this our darkest hour.

God! of the weary faltering feet,
And the feeble clinging hand,
In this dark hour of sore defeat,
We own thy just command.

God! of the pleading lips,
And the tearful downcast eyes,
Our earthly sun in dark eclipse,
Illume our lowering skies.

God! of the hungering heart,
And the dauntless hope it bears,
Lighten, we pray its bitter part,
Give ear to its wordless prayers.

God! of a silent sorrowing love,
By the fires of pain made pure,
Give us the courage from above,
To suffer, trust, endure.

God! of the struggling soul,
That vainly seeks for light,
From doubt and evil make us whole
And guide our steps aright.

So shall we own Thy will,
As we bend beneath the rod
And trusting, own Thy mercy still,
Our loving Father, gracious God.

Hope

In the way life's journeys lead thee,
Thorny paths await thy feet,
And the briar twineth freely,
With the roses fair and sweet,
Faint not, fear not, trembling one,
Shadows flee, before hope's sun.

Life's Loom

Life is a mighty loom and we are weavers all
And He who noteth every tear drop's fall,
Guideth Life's busy shuttle to and fro,
And marks our labors as they lengthened grow.
Some sit at their looms in silence,
With a gloomy downcast face,
And some seek shadow and light to blend,
With cheerful patience, and winning grace.

While some bend wearily o'er their task,
And sigh o'er each knotted and broken thread,
Some seek to hide with a smiling mask,
The tangled warp of hopes long dead;
And their busy fingers flying,
Are weaving a cloth of gold,
Of a beauty all time defying,
And a fame that can ne'er grow old.

Toil on, O, busy workers,
Toil on 'neath shade and sun,
For swiftly fly the hours,
And your work will soon be done.
And the weary sigh, the bitter tears,
Ye have woven in with each tangled thread,
Shall brightly gleam in coming years,
When the looms are silent, the workers dead.

DEDICATED TO MY DEAR SON
JOSIAH W. BROWN
OF VALLEY CITY LODGE, NO. 86, F. AND A. M.
AND ALL OTHERS WHO WEAR THE APRON OF LAMBSKIN

*Had I a pen of virgin gold, flame-tipped with fire divine,
I could not half the good unfold that in its symbols shine.*

M. T. B.

The Poet has said, "as a wise man should,"
That evil, is only the slave of good,
That the fountain of joy, is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs,
That wildest grief and deepest fears,
Have unknown, holiest ministries,
Accepting this as my resolution,
I present the tale of an evolution,
The Apron.

Dear sons, of common mother, Eve, give heed, I
prayer a little while.
And I, unto your ear will breathe, a story born of
tears and smile,
Will bridge for you, the years that lie, between the
present, and the past,
And trace the history of a tie, that makes us
brothers all, at last.
When beauteous Eve, by sentence just, from
Eden's sinless garden went,
With piteous grief, and nameless fear, her tender
heart was sorely rent,
Behind her shone the flaming sword, that made
God's edict known,
Before her lay an unknown world, mysterious,
dark and lone.
While ringing loudly in her ears, the message from
above,
That linked with pain for evermore, the deathless
gift of love;
And stirring in her virgin breast, emotions sweet
and strange,
The dawning of a new born force, that marked the
vital change.

And with this feeling, sweet and pure, her heart,
o'er Adam, deeply yearned;
And with a tender penitence, her chastened spirit
warmly burned,
For by her sin, 'gainst will Divine, as homeless
wanderers now they stood,
Fair Eden, would no more enshrine, and evil fet-
tered sorrowing good.
And, with the knowledge sadly bought, in that
dear garden, left behind,
The forest depths, she shamed sought, while
trembling fingers quickly twined,
From pliant leaves of fig tree green, the strangest
garment ever seen,
But which became, in that brief hour, emblem of
knowledge, love and power, The Apron.
And Adam, gladly did receive, from Eve, this gift
of loving toil,
And thus, with girdled loins they thought, to win
life's need from virgin soil.
So turned they sadly from their home, with lag-
ging steps, and downcast eyes;
And think you, Eve, made plaintive moan, 'neath
chilling shade, or dark'ning skies;
No! when the day was hushed in rest, and silence
reigned, the earth around,
Close pillowed on a woman's breast, release from
sorrow, Adam found.
Time passed, from seed of Adam's loins, a mighty
race of men, came forth;
And grew, and flourished in His sight, and spread
o'er all the waiting earth.
And one from line, of first born Cain, as leader of
his kind was known,

And taught men, wondrous arts, and crafts, and
temples built of carven stone,
And men beneath his guiding hand, brought
wealth, and honor to the land,
And still The Apron proudly wore, as mark of
proven worth, and power.
And some, as tillers of the soil, did bounteous
wealth of harvest reap,
And some 'neath sun and starlit skies, their
shepherd's watch, did patient keep,
While some, in sounding metals wrought, in
gleaming silver, precious gold,
And some, of deeper wisdom, thought, God's secret
wonders to unfold.
So reared they temples in His Name, with sacred
court and mystic shrine,
And Priests in Aprons, 'broidered rare with secret
symbols strange and grand,
Upon the incense laden air craved blessings, from
His gracious hand;
And men brought tithes of garnered store, and
gifts, in precious jewels set.
And oft with blood of new born Lamb, the altar of
their temples wet;
That He might bless them evermore, and wash
away each evil deed,
For in their hearts two spirits warred, "As God in
justice had decreed;"
Evil and hate, with lust and greed, and jealousy,
on wrong intent,
Held trembling good, in piteous need, and tainted
truth where e'er she went,
While Priests, within the sacred place besought
with price, God's saving grace.

And rich, and poor alike, became sad followers of
His Holy Name.
Nor sought, the blessing of His love, who reigned
supreme, on earth, above.
But always in His gentle breast, with justice,
mercy held a place,
Intent with wise and tender care, to shield from
harm His chosen race,
From sin to turn their wandering hearts, to higher
aims, to purer love,
That on each other they bestow, sweet pity like to
that above.
And that with love and kindly deeds, they share
each other's human needs,
And form on earth a brotherhood of lasting
strength and living good;
But still beneath His sorrowing eyes, their mighty
temples grand arise
To earthly pride, and human art, in which His
glory had no part;
And soon must fall the chastening rod, to turn
their hearts from self, to God,
And teach obedience to the will, Of Him, who
strikes, but loves them still,
A love, that pitying, would uphold, and sweetest
joys of Heaven unfold
To all who would this gift receive, and in His
wisdom, just, believe.

Once more the flight of time we span, and now to
town of Bethlehem,
Came aged, wise, and holy men, who, guided by
an East hung star had journeyed long, from
lands afar,

The promised King to seek and find, who brought
new life to all mankind.
And lo! in radiance! gleaming! bright! the star
held course, through dusky night,
Until these messengers of good beside a lowly
manger stood,
Where cradled soft on mother's breast, in loving
arms, He close was press'd,
This Babe Divine! The Heir of Heaven! by father's
love to mortal given!
Above whose brow, the light aglow illumines the
manger poor and low,
By which the wondering travelers stand with gifts
and incense laden hand,
And lo! in proud humility, before the Babe! they
bend glad knee!
And while their tears of joy fall fast, their offerings
at His feet they cast,
And in one spirit, glad acclaim, The power! and
glory! of His name!
Until the lowly rafters ring with blessings, on this
new-born King;
Then, from His side they turn away, in grateful
solitude to pray,
While herald angels bear the strain o'er towering
mountain, lowly plain,
Of Son Divine! who stayed the rod, and kinship
sought 'tween man and God.

What means the darkness and the sense of dread!
The piteous moans! The broken sighs I 'frighted
hear
As wrung from hearts whence every hope has fled!
The intaken breath, that tells of falling tear?

What means this portent gloom o'er earth and sky?
All nature, pulsing to a nameless grief!
Behold The Cross! on which a King, would die!
To set us free, from doubt, and unbelief;
A Heavenly knowledge to impart, to ease us of our
 sinful load,
And shrine within each willing heart, the Knight-
 hood of the living God;
For this, He left His father's house, for this, in
 lowly manger slept.
For this, in Gethsemane He prayed, while angel
 bands their vigil kept.
For this, He bore the crown of thorns, the piercèd
 hands, the bleeding side;
The heavy cross up Calvary heights whereon, for
 sinful man He died;
But, when He rent the bonds of death! and rose in
 majesty, and might!
The seed, deep sown in faithful hearts, awoke to
 joy! and sought the light.
And Faith, held fast to promise given, as bond
 divine 'tween earth and Heaven,
While Hope became the guiding star of those who
 worshiped from afar,
And Charity with tender grace, e'er turned to need
 a loving face,
Until within the heart of man, the newer, better,
 life began.
The worship of a Holy Name for which men died,
 by sword by flame,
And dying, sealed with precious blood, a covenant
 of lasting good!
Of such foundation strong and sure, it shall for
 evermore endure

While suns shall set! and moons shall rise! and
stars gleam bright in eastern skies.
For, by the act of Mother Eve, which placed a
ban on all mankind,
Through Mediator we received, the right to
Kingdom Most Divine!
A kinship! with the Living God! which in your
symbols you enshrine.

* * * * *

And now dear sons, due honor pay to her, who
from Eve's wayward act
Until the present glorious day, hath held to Eve's
unending pact;
Who seeks by every loving wile, and gentle wo-
man's gracious art,
Your days to cheer, with tender smile; and finds
her kingdom, in your heart.
She too, hath toiled, and builded well, and wise; her
temple Home, Her altar loving breast
Whereon we hide our sorrowing tear dimmed eyes,
when clouds enfold us, and our hearts
oppressed.
From your childhood, to your manhood, refuge
sure in hour of need,
Far from good you cannot wander, if her counsel
wise you heed,
For it marks the pact of Eden, made in impulse
undefined,
Born of woman's joy and sorrow, Mother dear, to
all mankind.

Then here's to The Apron! of fig leaves! of leather!
the Priests' 'broidered Apron, of mystery
and grace,
The dear Woman's Apron, affection entangling,
with love knots of ribbon and meshes of lace!
The Apron of fig leaves! the emblem of knowledge!
the strong leather Apron conducive to
might!
But, dearer than all, is The Apron of Lambskin!
let that, be our pride and our glory to-
night!
Lift high your glass my brothers! filled with God's
nectar pure!
A toast to The Apron of Lambskin! with its sym-
bols wise and pure,
With the square to mark our conduct, with the
compass to point the road!
With heart and hand ever ready! to lighten our
brother's load!
With Faith as a staff, to uphold us! and Hope, to
cheer the soul!
With Charity, broader and sweeter! as the ages
onward roll!
Deep! deep! in your hearts forever these wonder-
ful truths enshrine,
'Til you stand by the Worshipful Master's Side, in
His temple of Love Divine.

The Maiden's Lament

I'm a maiden, lone and yearning and my empty
heart is turning,
Ever turning, fondly yearning, for a fireside of my
own.
But so far, there's nothing doing, in the way of
courting, wooing,
So I am sitting here and yearning all alone.

I have sighed o'er unlit fires, on the altar of desires,
I have longed for childish lips to press my own;
But while much advice is given, on the sweetness
of this heaven,
I am sitting here and sighing, sad and lone.

Teddy dear, we do adore you, and we humbly bow
before you,
While the wisdom of your counsel we certainly
admire;
But it's rather cold and heartless to arouse emo-
tions artless,
Unless you have the Match at hand to light do-
mestic fire.

We admire your good intentions, but you overlook
defections,
On the part of one, who only, can this blessed gift
bestow;
But we pray you wise old Teddy if you have the
party ready
To be sure that he is well supplied with d-o-u-g-h.

Your advice is theoretical, but facts are cold and
practical,
And Love's the same deceiver gay, he ever was of
yore,
Be he cherished e'er so sweetly he'll escape by win-
dow neatly,
When the hungry wolf comes growling, fiercely
growling at the door.

Fires of love wont cook the dinner and the stork's
a glum old sinner,
When the cupboard is quite empty, and the purse
is flat and poor,
And you can't buy shoe nor stocking while the
hungry wolf is knocking,
Ever knocking, fiercely knocking at your humble
cottage door.

Life's a journey long and dreary, and we oft are
worn and weary,
Ere we end our 'lotted hours, lonely hours, here
below,
But believe me my dear Teddy, love, and joy, and
peace are ready,
To go with you, on that journey, if you only have
the d-o-u-g-h.

So I long for joys unbroken, sigh for words of love
unspoken,
Dream of childish smiles and kisses that alas I
ne'er may know,
For while counsel wise is given, how to win this
earthly heaven,
I am waiting for a man, a man, who loves and has
the d-o-u-g-h.

The Sailor's Bride

What shall I bring to a maiden fair
When my good ship comes home?
Sparkling jewels to deck her hair,
From the lands where the magi roam.

What shall I bring to a maiden fair
When my good ship comes home?
Pearls of light "for her throat so white"
Deep grown 'neath the ocean foam.

What shall I bring to a maiden fair
When my good ship comes home?
From strange bazaar, in lands afar,
Priceless laces, and sweet perfume.

What shall I bring to a maiden fair
When my good ship comes home?
Shimmering silks of beauty rare
To vie with her cheek's soft bloom.

What shall I bring to a maiden fair
When my good ship comes home?
A wealth untold, of gleaming gold,
Fresh torn from its earthly tomb.

* * * * *

Oh care you naught for the gifts I brought
That you coldly turn aside!
Lo! every token its tale has spoken!
Of those who braved the tide.

For my ship lies deep, and my sailors sleep,
"Where the mermaid chorus rings,"
On a wave washed bed of coral red,
While the wind their requiem sings.

I have faced the gale with creaking sail!
I have laughed at the tempest's roar!
For your face shone bright, through darkest night,
And guided me safe to shore.

Now hope has fled, my courage dead!
And no beacon light can I see,
For your heart is cold as the gems, and gold,
I so proudly brought to thee.

Nay sailor boy! listen! one gift I prize,
That you seem to hold apart,
'Tis the love that lies in your eager eyes,
And the wealth of your faithful heart.

You have brought me gold, and jewels cold,
From lands of magic beyond the sea!
Though every token, of love has spoken,
Yet you uttered no word to me.

So I turned aside in wounded pride,
Though my heart cried oft for thee,
And to stand by your side, a sailor's bride,
While you sailed o'er the deep wild sea.

Now! a harbor sweet, lies here at your feet,
If afar no more you'll roam!
But brave life's tide, with a sailor's bride,
'Neath the beacon lights of home.

Blossoms

To Myra

Only a breath of southland bliss,
From dear ones far away;
Freighted with cheer, and a baby's kiss,
To bid me smile! be gay! be gay!
Lo! sunny summer's on her way.

Now by the river's edge
Pale greens are showing,
And 'neath the sheltering hedge
Violets blue are growing.

Now from the budding trees,
Robins are flame-like winging,
And on the balmy breeze,
Mating songs lightly ringing.

Now 'neath the winter's mould,
In beauty hiding,
Star flowers, and crocus gold,
Sun's kiss are biding.

Now from each bursting bud,
Sweet perfumes rising,
And from each emerald hood,
Beam hues surprising.

Now by the 'wakened stream,
Rippling and purling,
Iris blue and lilies gleam;
Banners unfurling.

Soon they will greet our sight,
Radiant and sweet,
Marking a pathway bright,
For wandering feet.

Blossom, and leaf, and bud,
Fragrant and slender,
Wake in my soul a flood of memories tender,
So shall each blossom unto me say,
Summer is coming! be gay! be gay!

Peter's Conversion

Saint Peter woke in quite a nasty mood,
And, as he strode the golden pave along;
Aside the little cherubs frightened stood,
The stars grew pale, and hushed their morning
song;
For once, his kindly face showed signs of care,
And deep anxiety was written there,
A cause of course, for such unusual mood!
Bad dreams had troubled him, a monstrous
brood
Born of a story he had lately heard,
Of some strange thing "a cross 'tween man and
bird"
That had been circling 'round the heavenly sphere;
And Peter's heart was filled with wordless fear,
Deeply the good man pondered; what if it —
He paused, and gazed the peaceful realm
around!
For surely on his listening ear, had fallen most
unusual sound;
From nerveless fingers fell the key that op'd
the gate to heavenly joys!
While Peter waits with wabbling knees to learn
The cause of all this noise.
And now his anxious eyes behold the creature as
it rushes onward!
And trembling feels its mighty breath as swiftly it
comes swooping downward.
But ere his stiffened fear-chilled lips, could ope
Or utter single sound, soft as a homing bird

It lights beside him, on the sacred ground;
 And from its sheltering arms steps forth,
 A grinning, much begoggled creature,
 That to the puzzled saint displays scant
 Semblance of a human feature; who as he wildly
 started back, strode to his side,
 And with a friendly whack exclaimed!
 Why! Hello Pete! Old Boy! How are you?
 Good land! I really hope I didn't scare you!
 Gee! but that cherub over there is peachy!
 An introduction! Oh, my name is Beachey!
 I just dropped in to make a friendly call,
 And cheer you up a little bit, that's all,
 An early riser you! Come, try my newest ship,
 And in the morning ozone take a little dip.
 Then as Saint Peter glanced toward the gate,
 He laughed, and said, don't mind, forget it!
 And let them wait a little longer,
 'Twill help their faith, and make their patience
 stronger;
 Come on old chap! hold fast! don't mind!
 You'll soon get used to going like the wind;
 So off and away they lightly flew, into the
 cloudland soft and blue.
 Cleaving the air with rushing wings, "to where
 The rolling thunder rings, and flaming swords to
 power are born,"
 They took their flight through the early dawn.
 They chucked fair Venus, under the chin!
 And asked Old Ursa, would Teddy win
 With the help of the wonderful new Moosette!
 And Ursa growlingly said, not yet,
 Then they tarried a moment with Saturn,
 And Mars, discussing the merits of certain cars,

And Peter shouted! "Say, this is a clipper"!
As they sailed 'round the brim of the great Big
Dipper,

And a new light grew in his aged eyes,
As they swept the star dust from the skies,
And he bade adieu to his last sad quake,
As he felt the joy of a strong milk shake,

When they started "to do" the pearly way
And struck a young moon-beam far astray;

And when at last their ride was ended,
In Peter's mind, strange thoughts were blended,

And he said, in a voice quite thick with tears,
"Just think! what I've missed in all these years,"

Then he flung the heavenly gateway wide!
And facing the multitude, he cried!

A million centuries or so, I've held the key to
Heavenly joys!— But now! I'm going down below,

To have a frolic with the boys!
Saint Peter bent, picked up the key,
And handed it to shocked spectator,
My resignation take with it, said he,
I'm going to be an Aviator.

Little Black Sheep

To All Mothers

There was once born to a human fold,
A little black sheep; he was feeble and cold,
And he craved the warmth of a loving breast,
Where baby cheek could close be press'd.
But his mother's eyes were cold with pride,
As they laid the weakling by her side,
And this was the thought of her heart that day,
"Shepherd, oh shepherd, take him away,
I do not want him, why let him stay?
Shepherd, oh shepherd, take him away."

Now strange to say, as the years rolled on,
Little black sheep grew brave and strong,
And he learned the lesson he heard each day,
And planned to obey them, and run away;
And so one day when he'd older grown,
From the sheltering fold he strayed alone,
And swiftly wended his lonely way
To a place, where never a soul might say,
"Run away, black sheep, run away,
I'm tired, and busy, you must not stay,
Bad, bad, black sheep, run away."

Then he found a place to his great delight,
Where the grass was green, and the sun shone
 bright,
And other sheep as black as he,
Flourished, and frolicked, in endless glee,

And they made him welcome, and bade him stay,
And share their pleasures, and joy, always,
And never again the old refrain,
Should fall on his weary little brain—
“Run away, black sheep, run away,
You’re naughty and noisy, you cannot stay,
Bad, bad black sheep, run away.”

Now these black sheep, as you must know,
Were bold marauders, and loved to go,
In paths forbidden and pastures gay,
Where law and principle barred their way,
And little black sheep, so handsome and bold,
Should have gone right back to the sheltering
fold,
O, better by far, that he hear them say,
“Run away, black sheep, run away,
For evil is near, and you must not stay,
Bad, bad, black sheep, run away.”

Poor little black sheep, no one near,
With a guiding hand or a loving tear,
Broke down the bars, and entered in
To the flowery, thorn-set fields of Sin.
Oh, that his mother in days ago,
Had cuddled this lambkin so forlorn,
For mother’s love, as you all may know,
Can change the blackest sheep to snow.
Oh, bitter, cruel, the ones who say,
To the wilful, but loving lambs each day,
“Run away, black sheep, run away.
Mother don’t love you, you need not stay,
Bad, bad, black sheep, run away.”

Little black sheep has left the fold,
And the hearth is desolate, lone and cold,
Pride is dead in the hearts that ache
With pity and grief, for the wanderer's sake,
And oft in the night watch, long and drear,
Her eyes are dimmed with a bitter tear,
As she thinks of the one who went astray,
And whose longing ears, ever heard her say,
"Run away, black sheep, run away,
Mother don't love you, you're bad to-day,
Bad, bad, black sheep, run away."

Mothers! oh mothers! I pray you give heed,
To the little black sheep, and his every need,
For his soul is as white as the glistening snow,
From unseen fingers drifting low,
And you, with wonderful Heaven-sent love,
May lead your lamb to the fold above;
Then pause, I pray you, before you say,
"Run away, back sheep, run away,
Oh, why torment me, you must not stay,
Bad, bad, black sheep, run away."

There is a Shepherd who watch doth keep,
Over his wandering wayward sheep,
Naught to Him, be they black or white,
Each one is beautiful in His sight,
Each one may lie in His loving arms,
Sheltered from sin, and its rude alarms,
For He gathers them close in the Heavenly Fold,
When shadows fall, and the winds blow cold,
And never a one shall hear Him say,
Run away black sheep, run away,
I died for *white sheep!* on *That Day*,
Bad! bad! black sheep! run away.

Love is Dead

From aching hearts by sorrow crushed,
A cry goes forth through all the land,
No more by pure affection hushed,
Passion, and crime, go hand in hand,
And millions sigh o'er hopes now fled
From hearts that bleed,
For Love is dead.

No more shall men and women meet
In friendship, like to that above;
No flowery paths await the feet,
Of those who follow vanished love,
Only a valley dark, and chill and dread,
Bids us remember ever,
Love is dead.

There are shadows dark and fearful,
Creeping over earth and sky,
And my eyes are dim and tearful,
Love! Oh Love! why did'st thou die?
Vain my tears and sorrow, hope forever fled,
Dawns for me no joyous morrow, so I weep
For Love is dead.

L' ENVOI

They have dimmed the glow of the pearly gates,
And rent the veil from the golden throne.
Have dashed the cross from Calvary heights,
And bade man trust in self alone.
All faith grown dim, all courage fled,
Our heavy hearts shall ache in vain,
For Love is dead.

The Harvest

A Vision

One night, when my prisoned spirit,
Had slipped from its day leash of care,
And entered on life's ledger lay,
My soul's most fervent prayer.

Far, far, from its dwelling mortal,
My raptured soul took flight,
Nor paused till heaven's portal,
Fair dawn'd upon its sight.

And, lo! from afar advancing,
A mighty host draws near,
And the victor's song entrancing,
Falls sweetly on the ear.

As laden with sheaves from the gleanings,
And sickles keen and bright,
They pass through the portal beaming,
And stand in the Master's sight.

And now, as in dream revealing,
Lo! one in the throng appears,
Whose arms are barren of gleaming,
And whose eyes are dim'd with tears.

* * * * *

I alone of the many reapers
Bring no burden of golden sheaves,
But clothed in sorrow I stand before Him
With a worthless offering of withered leaves.

Others may come to the feet of the Master,
Casting before Him their rich gleaming sheaves,
I, from the fullness with which He did bless me,
Return to Him nothing but withered leaves.

Then while I listen to hear my sentence,
To be driven, perhaps, from the harvest home,
A light beyond, through the shadows breaking,
The light of Calvary gleams above the throne.

And with that light, hope to my heart returning,
Swells onward, upward, in a mighty flood;
Bearing my burden, I struggle onward,
Toward the symbol of His precious blood.

There in my grief and sorrow kneeling,
The past all forgotten, I cast my leaves,
And silently plead with the loving Master,
To pity the reaper who brought no sheaves.

Only one word, be it condemnation,
Only a touch of the pierce'd hand,
Then to be sent from His side forever,
A faithless servant, to cumber the land.

Breathless I wait, oh gracious Master,
Pardon the gift of the withered leaves;
I look! and lo, 'neath His dear hand lying,
Gleameth a cluster of golden sheaves.

* * * * *

And when to this mortal dwelling,
My spirit glad returned,
With a new and holy feeling,
It warmly, strongly burned.

For surely the Master needeth,
The labor of hand and heart,
And forever and ever I'm willing,
To earnestly do my part.

And souls shall be my harvest,
From the thorny paths of sin;
From the highways and the byways,
Where I'll bravely enter in.

Oh, gracious Lord of the harvest home,
Dear Lord of the garnered sheaves,
Never again will I sorrowing come,
With an offering of withered leaves.

But souls shall add to Thy glory,
Like stars to the crown of night;
While ever I'll tell my story,
Of the blood washed leaves made bright.

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